

A Single Cent ! ! Yet who in Dartmouth doubts
That such a man is not a christian now.
If measured by the royal standard "fruit"
Would "*Mene Leckei*" not be written here ?

The stream of Life glides smoother, sweeter on
Amidst vicissitudes that gather round
Occasionally, to retire and dwell
Within a world our own, a world of thought,
A world wherein tranquillity is found
And passions that offend are left outside,
Where fragrance more than earth can give is ours
But present only when the Poet's there,
Just as a maiden blushes overwhelm'd
With joy to meet her lover unawares,
And then embarrass'd with too much delight
Acknowledgment unbidden blunders out,
Forgetful of what etiquette requires,
Whilst deeper colour in her countenance
The palpitatings in her mind confess.

The rapture such, and the deliciousness
That Albyn frequently luxuriates in
Whilst rustivating in some rural scene
Where songbirds pour their symphonies divine.
Nor less in silence that assembles there
What time the concert in the distance dies,
And wearied leaves in listening attitude
Upon the maples motionless become
Then is there something words can ill express,
Felt—exquisitely felt by him alone,
'Though ever irksome unto vulgar souls,
Nor seldom is the vestibule recross'd
Void of reluctance what time duty calls
To mingle with the multitudes again
Whose sympathies—if such to them belong,
Do bear the character Policemen bear,
Invisible when they are wanted most.
Mere sensual indulgence their delight,
Nor higher aspirations they enjoy—
Fresh from a purer latitude, we look
With sad astonishment upon their choice
Ah ! if they knew the standard that is ours,